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Jan. 24. 1698.

A True and Just

RELATION

OF

Maj. Gen. Sir *Thomas Morgan's*

PROGRESS

IN

FRANCE and *FLANDERS*,

WITH THE

Six Thousand *ENGLISH*,

In the YEARS 1657 and 1658:

At the Taking of

DUNKIRK

AND

Other Important Places.

As it was Deliver'd by the GENERAL *himself.*

London: Printed for *J. Nutt*, near *Stationers-hall*, 1699.

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Progress in

FRANCE and *FLANDERS*,

WITH

The Six Thousand ENGLISH, in the Years 1657 and 1658.

THE *French* King, and his Eminence the Cardinal *Mazarine*, came to view the Six Thousand *English*, near *Charleroy*, and ordered Major-General *Morgan*, with the said Six Thousand *English*, to march and make conjunction with Marescha! *Turenne*'s Army, who soon after the conjunction, beleaguer'd a Town, call'd St. *Venant*, on the Borders of *Flanders*. Marescha! *Turenne* having invested the Town on the East-side, and Major-General *Morgan* with his Six Thousand *English*, and a Brigade of *French* Horse on the West, the Army encamp'd betwixt Marescha! *Turenne*'s Approaches

The Siege of St. *Venant*.

Approaches and Major-General *Morgan*'s; and being to relieve Count *Schomberg*, out of the Approaches of the West-side of the Town, Major-General *Morgan* marched into the Approaches with Eight Hundred *English*. The *English* at that time being strangers in Approaches, Major-General *Morgan* instructed the Officers and Soldiers to take their Places by Fifties, that thereby they might relieve the Point to carry on the Approaches every Hour. In the mean time whil'st we besieged the Town, the Enemy had beleaguered a Town called *Ardres*, within five Miles of *Calis*. In the Evening Count *Schomberg*, with Six Noblemen, came upon the Point, to see how Major-General *Morgan* carried on his Approaches, but there happened a little confusion by the Soldiers intermingling themselves in the Approaches, so as there was never an entire Fifty to be called to the Point. Count *Schomberg* and his Noblemen taking notice thereof, Major-General *Morgan* was much troubled, leap'd upon the Point, and called out Fifty to take up the Spades, Pickaxes, and Fascines, and follow him: But so it happen'd, that all in the Approaches leap'd out after him, the Enemy in the mean time firing as fast as they could. Major-General *Morgan* conceiving his loss in bringing them again to their Approaches, would be greater than in carrying them forward, passed over a Channel of Water, on which there was a Bridge and a Turnpike, and the Soldiers crying out, *Fall on, fall on*, he fell upon the Counterscarp, beat the Enemy from it, and three Redoubts, which caus'd them to Capitulate, and the next Morning to surrender the Town, and receive a *French* Garrison; so as the sudden reduction thereof, gave Mareschal *Turenne* an opportunity afterwards to march and relieve *Ardres*.

St. *Venant* taken by the Major-General.

The next place Mareschal *Turenne* belieged was *Mardike*, taken in twice eight and forty Hours by the *English* and *French*. After the taking whereof Major-General *Morgan* was setled there by the Order of the *French* King, and *Oliver*, with Two Thousand *English*, and One Thousand *French*, in order to the beleaguering *Dunkirk* the next Spring.

Mardike taken, and the Major-General quartered there.

The rest of the *English* were quartered in *Borborch*. For the space of Four Months, there was hardly a Week wherein Major-General *Morgan* had not two or three Alarms by the *Spanish* Army: He answered to them all, and never went out of his Clothes all the Winter, except to change is Shirt. The

The next Spring Mareſchal *Turenne* beleaguered *Dunkirk* on the *Newport*-ſide, and Major-General *Morgan* on the *Mardike*-ſide, with his Six Thouſand *Engliſh*, and a Brigade of *French* Horſe: He made a Bridge over the Canal betwixt that and *Bergen*, that there might be Communication betwixt Mareſchal *Turenne*'s Camp and his. When *Dunkirk* was cloſe inveſted, Mareſchal *Turenne* ſent a Summons to the Governour, the Marquels *de Leda*, a great Captain and brave Defender of a Siege; but the Summons being anſwered with Defiance, Mareſchal *Turenne* immediately broke Ground, and carried on the Approaches on his ſide, whil'ſt the *Engliſh* did the ſame on theirs; and 'tis obſervable the *Engliſh* had two Miles to march every Day upon relieving their Approaches. In this manner the Approaches were carried on, both by the *French* and *Engliſh*, for the ſpace of twelve Nights, when the Mareſchal *Turenne* had intelligence, that the Prince of *Conde*, the Duke of *York*, Don *John* of *Auſtria*, and the Prince *de Ligny*, were at the Head of Thirty Thouſand Horſe and Foot, with reſolution to relieve *Dunkirk*.

Dunkirk beſieged by the *French* and *Engliſh*.

The Prince of *Conde*, &c. coming to relieve it with 30000 Men.

Immediately, upon this Intelligence, Mareſchal *Turenne*, and ſeveral Noble-men of *France* went to the King and Cardinal at *Mardike*, acquainted his Eminence therewith, and deſired his Majeſty, and his Eminence the Cardinal, to withdraw their Perſons into ſafety and leave their Orders; His Majeſty anſwered, That he knew no better Place of Safety than at the Head of his Army; but ſaid it was convenient the Cardinal ſhould withdraw to *Calis*. Then Mareſchal *Turenne* and the Noble-men made anſwer, They could not be ſatisfied, except his Majeſty withdrew himſelf into ſafety; which was aſſented to. And the King and Cardinal marching to *Calis* left open Orders with Mareſchal *Turenne*, That if the Enemy came on, to give Battle or raiſe the Siege, as he ſhould be adviſed by a Council of War.

Upon which the King and Cardinal retire.

The Enemy came on to *Bruges*, and then Mareſchal *Turenne* thought it high time to call a Council of War, which conſiſted of eight Noble-men, eight Lieutenant-Generals, and ſix Mareſchals du Camp; but never ſent to Embaſſadour *Lockhart*, or Major-General *Morgan*. The whole Senſe of the Council of War was, That it was great danger to the Crown of *France*, to

Mareſchal *Turenne* calls a Counil of War without the *Engliſh*.

Where 'twas agreed upon not to fight.

to hazard a Battle in that ſtreight Country, full of Canals and Ditches of Water; and ſeveral Reaſons being ſhewn to that purpoſe, it ran thorough the Council of War, to raiſe the Siege, if the Enemy came on. Within half an Hour after the Council of War was riſen, Major-General *Morgan* had the Reſult of it in his Camp, and went immediately to Embaſſadour *Lockhart*, to know if he heard any thing of it: He ſaid he heard nothing of it, and complained that he was much afflicted with the Stone, Gravel, and ſome other Impediments. Major-General *Morgan* asked him to go with him the next Morning to the Head-Quarters: He ſaid he would, if he were able.

Maj. Gen. *Morgan* ſent for to the ſecond Council of War.

Next Morning Mareſchal *Turenne* ſent a Noble-man to Embaſſadour *Lockhart* and Major-General *Morgan*, to deſire them to come to a ſecond Council of War. Immediately therefore Embaſſadour *Lockhart*, and Major-General *Morgan* went with the Noble-man to Mareſchal *Turenne*'s Camp; and, by that time they came there the Council of War was ready to ſit down in Mareſchal *Turenne*'s Tent.

Mareſchal *Turenne* ſatisfied the Council of War, that he had forgot to ſend for Embaſſadour *Lockhart*, and Major-General *Morgan* to the firſt Council of War, and therefore thought fit to call this, that they might be ſatisfy'd; and then put the Queſtion, Whether, if the Enemy came on, he ſhould make good the Siege on *Newport*-ſide, and give them Battle; or raiſe the Siege? And required they ſhould give their Reaſons for either. The Mareſchals du Camp ran away with it clearly to raiſe the Siege, alledging what Danger it was to the Crown of *France*, to hazard a Battle, within ſo ſtreight a Country, full of Canals, and Ditches of Water; farther alledging, that if the Enemy came upon the Bank, they would cut between Mareſchal *Turenne*'s, and Major-General *Morgan*'s Camps, and prevent their conjunction. Two of the Lieutenant-Generals ran along with the Mareſchals du Camp, and ſhew'd the ſame Reaſons: But Major-General *Morgan*, finding it was high time to ſpeak, and that otherwiſe it would go round the Board, roſe up, and deſired, though out of courſe, that he might declare his mind, in oppoſition to what the Mareſchals du Camp, and the two Lieutenant-Generals, had declared. Mareſchal *Turenne* told him he ſhould have free-

dom

dom to ſpeak his Thoughts. Then *Major-General Morgan* ſpoke, and ſaid, That the Reaſons the *Marſchals du Camp*, and the two *Lieutenant-Generals* had given for raiſing the Seige, were no Reaſons; for the Streightneſs of the Country was as good for the *French* and *Engliſh* as for the Enemy: *And whereas they alledg'd, That if the Enemy came on the Bank between* Turnes *and* Dunkirk, *they would cut between Mareſchal* Turenne's, *and Major-General* Morgan's *Camps*; *Major-General Morgan*, replied, It was impoſſible, for they could not March upon the Bank above eight a Breaſt; and farther he alledged, that Mareſchal *Turenne*'s Artillery and ſmall Shot, would cut them off at Pleaſure: He added, That that was not the way the Enemy could relieve *Dunkirk*, but that they would make a Bridge of Boats over the Chanel, in an hour and half, and croſs their Army upon the Sands of *Dunkirk*, to offer *Marſchal Turenne* battle.

And perſuade them to Fight.

Farther *Major-General Morgan* did allege, what a Diſhonour it would be to the Crown of *France*, to have Summon'd the City of *Dunkirk*, and broke Ground before it, and then raiſe the Siege and run away; and he deſired the *Council* of *War* would conſider, that if they rais'd the Siege, the Alliance with *England* would be broken the ſame hour.

Mareſchal Turenne anſwered, "*That if he thought, the Enemy* "*would offer that fair Game, he would maintain the Siege on* New- "port *ſide, and Major-General Morgan ſhould march, and make Con-* "*junction with the French Army, and leave* Mardike *ſide open.* Upon *Mareſchal Turenne*'s Reply, *Major-General Morgan* did riſe from the Board, and upon his Knees begg'd a Battle, and ſaid, that he would venture the Six Thouſand *Engliſh*, every Soul. Upon which *Mareſchel Turenne* conſulted the Noble-men that ſat next him, and it was deſired, that *Major- General Morgan* might walk a turn or two without the Tent, and he ſhould be call'd immediately. After he had walked two turns, he was call'd in; as ſoon as he came in, *Mareſchal Turenne* ſaid, "*That he had con-* "*ſidered his Reaſons, and that himſelf and the* Council of War *re-* "*ſolved to give Battle to the Enemy, if they came on; and to maintain* "*the Siege on* Newport *ſide, and that* Major-General Morgan *was* "*to make Conjunction with the French Army. Major-General Mor-* *gan* then ſaid, *That with God's Aſſiſtance, we ſhould be able to deal with them.*

The very next Day at four in the Afternoon the Spaniſh Army

had made a Bridge of Boats, croſſed their Army on the Sands of *Dunkirk*, and drew up into Battalia, within two Miles of *Mareſchal Turenne*'s Lines, before he knew any thing of them. Immediately all the *French* Horſe drew out to face the Enemy at a Mile's diſtance, and *Mareſchal Turenne* ſent immediate Orders to *Major-General Morgan*, to March into his Camp, with the ſix Thouſand *Engliſh*, and the *French* Brigade of Horſe; which was done accordingly.

The next day about eight of the Clock, *Mareſchal Turenne* gave Orders to break Avenues on both the Lines, that the Army might March out in Battalia. *Major-General Morgan* ſet his Soldiers to break Avenues for their marching out in Battalia likewiſe. Several Officers being with him as he was looking on his Soldiers at work, *Embaſſadour Lockhart* comes up with a white Cap on his Head, and ſaid to *Major-General Morgan*, "*You ſee* "*what Condition I am in, I am not able to give you any Aſſiſtance this* "*day, you are the elder Soldier, and the greateſt part of the Work of this* "*day, muſt lie upon your Soldiers.* Upon which the Officers ſmiled, and ſo he bid *God be with us*, and went away with the *Lieutenant General* of the *Horſe* that was upon our left Wing; from which time we never ſaw him till we were in purſuit of the Enemy. When the Avenues were cleared, both the *French* and *Engliſh* Army marched out of the Lines towards the Enemy. We were forced to march up in four Lines, (for we had not room enough to Wing, for the Canal between *Furnes* and *Dunkirk*, and the Sea) till we had marched above half a mile; then we came to a Halt on riſing Hills of Sand, and having more room took in two of our Lines.

Major-General Morgan ſeeing the Enemy plain in Battalia, ſaid before the Head of the Army, "*See yonder are the Gentlemen you have to* "*trade withal.* Upon which the whole Brigade of *Engliſh* gave a Shout of Rejoycing, that made a roaring Eccho betwixt the Sea and the Canal. Thereupon the *Mareſchal Turenne* came up with above a hundred Noble-men, to know what was the matter and reaſon of that great Shout. *Major General Morgan* told him, *'Twas an uſual Cuſtom of the Redcoats, when they ſaw the Enemy, to Rejoyce.*

Mareſchal Turenne anſwer'd, *They were Men of brave Reſolution and Courage.* After which *Mareſchal Turenne* returning to the Head of his Army, we put on to our March again. At the ſecond Halt, the

the whole Brigade of *English* gave a Shout and caſt up their Caps into the Air, ſaying, "*They would have better Hats before Night.* *Mareſchal Turenne* upon that Shout, came up again, with ſeveral Noble-men and Officers of the Army, admiring the Reſolution of the *Engliſh*, at which time we were within three quarters of a Mile of the Enemy in Battalia. *Mareſchal Turenne* deſired Major-General *Morgan*, that at the next halt, he would keep even front with the *French*, for ſays he, "*I do intend to halt at ſome* "*diſtance, that we may ſee how the Enemy is drawn up, and take our* "*Advantage accordingly.*" Major-General *Morgan* demanded of his Excellency, *Whether he would Shock the whole Army at one daſh, or try one Wing firſt?* Mareſchal *Turenne*'s Reply was, "*That as to that* "*Queſtion, he could not reſolve him yet, till he came nearer the Enemy.*" Major-General *Morgan* deſired the Mereſchal, *not to let him Languiſh for Orders*, ſaying, "*That oftentimes Opportunities are often loſt* "*for want of Orders in due time.*" Mareſchal *Turenne* ſaid, *he would either come himſelf and give Orders, or ſend a Lieutenant-General*; and ſo Mareſchal *Turenne* parted, and went to the Head of his Army. In the mean time Major-General *Morgan* gave Orders to the Colonels, and Leading-Officers, to have a ſpecial Care, that when the *French* came to a halt, they keep even front with them; and farther told them, if they could not obſerve the *French*, they ſhould take Notice when he lifted up his Hat (for he marched ſtill above threeſcore before the Center of the Bodies): But when the *French* came to halt, it ſo happened, that the *Engliſh* preſſed upon their Leading-Officers, ſo that they came up under the Shot of the Enemies: But when they ſaw that Major-General *Morgan* was in a Paſſion, they put themſelves to a ſtand. Major-General *Morgan* could ſoon have remedied their Forwardneſs, but he was reſolved he would not loſe one Foot of Ground he had advanced, but would hold it as long as he could. We were ſo near the Enemy, the Soldiers fell into great Friendſhip, one asking, is ſuch an Officer in your Army; another, is ſuch a Soldier in yours; and this paſſed on both ſides. Major-General *Morgan* endured this Friendſhip for a little while, and then came up to the Center of the Bodies, and demanded, *How long that Friendſhip would continue*; and told them farther, that for any thing they knew, they would be cutting one anothers Throats, within a minute of an hour. The whole Brigade anſwered, *Their Friendſhip ſhouldcontinue no longer than he pleaſed.* Then Major-General

Morgan bid then tell the Enemy, *No more Friendſhip*; *Prepare your Buff-coats and Scarfs, for we will be with you ſooner then you expect us.* Immediately after the Friendſhip was broke, the Enemy poured a volley of Shot into one of our Battalions, wounded three or four, and one drop'd. The *Major-General* immediately ſent the *Adjutant-General* to *Mareſchal Turenne*, for Orders, *whether he ſhould charge the Enemies right Wing, or whether* Mareſchal Turenne *would engage the Enemies Left-wing*, and adviſed the Adjutant-General not to ſtay, but to acquaint *Mareſchal Turenne*, that we were under the Enemies Shot, and had received ſome Prejudice already; but there was no return of the *Adjutant-General*, nor Orders. By and by the Enemy poured in another volley of Shot, into another of our Battalions, and wounded two or three. *Major-General Morgan* obſerving the Enemy mending Faults, and opening the Intervals of the Foot, to bring Horſe in, which would have made our Work more difficult, called all the Collonels and Officers of the Field together, before the Center of the Bodies, and told them, *he had ſent the* Adjutant-General *for Orders, but when he ſaw there was no hope of Orders, he told them if they would concurr with him, he would immediately charge the Enemies right Wing:* Their anſwer was, "*They were ready whenever he gave Or-*"*ders.* He told them, *he would try the right Wing with the Blew Regiment, and the four hundred Fire-locks, which were in the Interval of the French Horſe; and wiſhed all the Field-Officers to be ready at their ſeveral Poſts. Major-General Morgan* gave Orders, that the other five Regiments, ſhould not move from their Ground, except they ſaw the Blew Regiment, the White, and the four Hundred Fire-locks, ſhock'd the Enemies Right Wing off, of their Ground, and farther ſhow'd the ſeveral Colonels, what Colours they were to charge, and told them moreover, "*That if he was not knock'd on the Head, he would come to them.* In like manner as faſt as he could, he admoniſhed the whole Brigade, and told them, *They were to look in the Face of an Enemy who had violated, and endeavoured to take away their Reputation, and that they had no other way, but to Fight it out to the laſt man, or to be killed, taken Priſoner, or Drowned; and* farther, *that the Honour of England* did depend much upon their Gallantry and Reſolution that Day.

The Battle of *Dunkirk.*

The Enemies Wing was poſted on a Sandy Hill, and had caſt the Sand Breaſt high before them: Then *Major-General Morgan*, did order the Blew Regiment and the four Hundred Fire-locks,

to

to advance to the Charge. In the mean time *Major-General Morgan*, knowing the Enemy would all bend upon them that did advance, removed the White Regiment more to the Right, that it might be in the Flank of them, by that time the Blew Regiment was got within push of Pike.

His *Royal Highness* the *Duke of York*, with a select Party of Horse, had got into the Blew Regiment, by that time the White came in, and exposed his Person to great Danger: But we knew no body at that time. Immediately the Enemy were clear shock'd off of their Ground, and the *English* Colours flying over their Heads, the strongest Officers and Soldiers Clubbing them down. *Major-General Morgan*, when he saw his opportunity, stept to the other five Regiments which were within six Score of him, and ordered them to advance, and charge immediately: But when they came within ten Pikes length, the Enemy perceiving they were not able to endure our Charge, *Shak'd their Hats, held up their Handkercheifs, and called for Quarter*; but the Redcoats cry'd aloud, *they had no leisure for Quarter*. Whereupon the Enemy fac'd about, and would not endure our Charge, but fell to run, having the *English* Colours over ther Heads, and the strongest Soldiers and Officers Clubbing them down, so that the six Thousand *English* carried Ten or Twelve Thousand Horse and Foot before them. The *French* Army was about Musquet-shot in the Rear of us, where they came to halt, and never moved off of their Ground. The rest of the *Spanish* Army, seeing the Right Wing carried away, and the English Colours flying over their Heads, wheeled about in as good Order as they could, so that we had the whole *Spanish Army* before us: and *Major-General Morgan* called out to the *Colonels*, *To the right as much as you can*, that so we might have all the Enemy's Army under the *English Colours*. The Six Thousand *English* carried all the *Spanish* Army, as far as *Westminster-Abby* to *Paul's Church-yard*, before ever a *French-man* came in, on either Wing of us; but then at last we could perceive the *French Horse* come powdring on each Wing, with much Gallantry, but they never struck one stroke, only carried Prisoners back to the Camp. Neither did we ever see the *Embassadour Lockart*, till we were in pursute of the Enemy, and then we could see him amongst us very brisk, without his white Cap on his Head, and neither troubled with Gravel or Stone. When we were at the end of the pursute, *Mareschal Turenne*, and

The Spanish fly.

above

above a Hundred *Officers* of the Army came up to us, quitted their Horſes, embrac'd the *Officers*, and ſaid, *They never ſaw a more Glorious Action in their Lives, and that they were ſo tranſported with the Sight of it, that they had no Power to move, or to do any thing.* And this high Complement we had for our Pains. In a word, the *French Army* did not ſtrike one Stroke in the Battle of *Dunkirk*, only the Six Thouſand *Engliſh*. After we had done purſuing the Enemy, *Major-General Morgan*, rallied his Forces, and marched over the Sands where he had ſhock'd them at firſt, to ſee what Slaughter there was made. But *Embaſſadour Lockhart* went into the Camp as faſt as he could, to write his Letters for *England*, of what great Service he had done, which was *juſt nothing*. *Mareſchal Turenne*, and *Major-General Morgan*, brought the Armies cloſe to inveſt *Dunkirk* again, and to carry on the Approaches. The *Marquis de Leida* happened to be in the Counterſcarp, and received an accidental Shot, whereof he died; and the whole Garriſon, being diſcouraged at his Death, came to Capitulate in few Days; ſo the Town was ſurrendred, and *Embaſſadour Lockhart* march'd into it with two Regiments of *Engliſh* for a Garriſon; but *Major-General Morgan* kept the Field, with *Mareſchal Turenne*, with his other four Regiments of *Engliſh*.

Dunkirk taken.

The next Seige was *Bergen St. Winock*, ſix Miles from *Dunkirk*, which *Mareſchal Turenne* beleaguer'd with the *French Army*, and the four Regiments of *Engliſh*, and in four or five Days Siege, *Bergen St. Winock* was taken upon Capitulation. *Mareſchal Turenne* did reſt the Army for two Days after, and then reſolv'd to march through the Heart of *Flanders*, and take what Towns he could that *Campagn*.

The next Town we took was *Furnes*, the next *Menin*, after that *Oudenard*; and, in a word, eight Towns, beſides *Dunkirk*, and *Ipres*; for ſo ſoon as the Redcoats came near the Counterſcarp, there was nothing but a Capitulation, and a Surrender preſently: All the Towns we took, were Towns of Strength.

ſeveral Towns taken.

The laſt Siege we made, was before the City of *Ipres*, where the *Prince de Ligny* had caſt himſelf in before, for the Defence of that City, with two Thouſand five hundred Horſe and Dragoons: Beſides there were in the City, four Thouſand Burghers, all proper young Men under their Arms, ſo that the Garriſon, did conſiſt of ſix Thouſand five Hundred Men. *Mareſchal Turenne* ſent in a Summons, which was anſwered with a Defiance: Then

The Siege of *Ipres*.

Mareſchal

Mareſchal Turenne broke Ground, and carried on two Approaches towards the Counterſcarp: *Major-General Morgan* went into the Approaches every Night, for fear of any Miſcarriage by the *Engliſh*, and came out of the Approaches every Morning at Sunriſing to take his Reſt, for then the Soldiers had done Working. The fourth Morning, *Major-General Morgan* went to take his Reſt in his Tent, but within half an hour afterwards *Mareſchal Turenne* ſent a Nobleman to him, to deſire him to come to ſpeak with him; when the *Major-General* came, there were above a Hundred Noblemen and Officers of the Army walking about his Tent. And his Gentlemen had deck'd a Room for his *Excellency* with his Sumpter-cloaths, in which homely Place there were about twenty Officers of the Army with him; but as ſoon as *Major-General Morgan* came, *Mareſchal Turenne* deſired all of them to retire, for he had ſomething to Communicate to the *Major-General*. The Room was immediately cleared, and *Mareſchal Turenne* turn'd the Gentlemen of his Chamber out, and ſhut the Door himſelf. When this was done, he deſired the *Major-General* to ſit down by him, and the firſt News that he ſpake of, was that he had certain Intelligence, that the *Prince* of *Conde*, and *Don Juan of Auſtria*, were at the Head of eleven Thouſand Horſe, and four Thouſand Foot, within three Leagues of his Camp, and reſolv'd to break through one of our Quarters, to Relieve the City of *Ipres*, and therefore he deſired *Major-Meneral Morgan*, to have all the *Engliſh* under their Arms every Night at Sun-ſet, and the *French Army* ſhould be ſo likewiſe. *Major-General Morgan* reply'd, and ſaid, "*That the* Prince of Conde, *and* "Don Juan of Auſtria *were great Captains, and that they might* "*dodge with* Mareſchal Turenne *to fatigate his Army:* The *Major-*"*General* farther ſaid, *That if he did keep the Army three Nights to* "*that hard Shift, they would not care who did knock them on the Head.* "*Mareſchal Turenne* reply'd, "*We muſt do it, and ſurmount all* "*Difficulty.* The *Major-General* deſired to know of his Excellency, *whether he was certain the Enemy was ſo near him*; he anſwered, *He had two Spies came juſt from them.* Then *Major-General Morgan* told him, his Condition was ſomewhat deſperate, and ſaid, *that a deſperate Diſeaſe muſt have a deſperate Cure.* His Excellency ask'd, what he meant; *Major-General Morgan* did offer him, to attempt the Counterſcarp upon an Aſſault, and ſo put all things out of doubt, with Expedition. *The Major-General* had no ſooner ſaid this,

Don Juan of Auſtria coming to relieve it.

this, but *Mareſchal Turenne* joyn'd his Hands, and look'd up through the Boards towards the Heavens, and ſaid, "*Did ever* "*my Maſter, the* King *of* France, *or the* King *of* Spain, *attempt a* "*Counterſcarp upon an Aſſault, where there were three Half-moons co-* "*vered with Cannon, and the Ramparts of the Towns playing point* "*blank into the Counterſcarp:* farther he ſaid, *What will the* King *my* "*Maſter think of me, if I expoſe his Army to theſe Hazards?* and he roſe up, and fell into a Paſſion, ſtamping with his Feet, and ſhaking his Locks, and grinning with his Teeth, he ſaid, *Major-General Morgan* had made him Mad. But by degrees he cool'd, and asked the *Major-General*, whether he would ſtay to Dinner with him: But the *Major-General* begg'd his Pardon, for he had appointed ſome of the Officers to Eat a piece of Beef at his Tent that Day. His *Excellency* ask'd him, *if he would meet him at two of the Clock, at the oppening of the Approaches?* The *Major-General* ſaid he would be Punctual; but deſired he would bring none of his Train with him (for it was uſually a hundred Noblemen with their Feathers and Ribbands) becauſe if he did, he would have no Opportunity to take a View of the Counterſcarp; for the Enemy would diſcover them, and Fire unceſſantly. His *Excellency* ſaid he would bring none, but two or three of the *Leiutenant-Generals*. *Major-General Morgan* was at the place appointed, a quarter of an hour before his *Excellency*, and then his Excellency came, with eight *Noblemen*, and three *Leiutenant-Generals*, and took a place to view the Counterſcarp: After he had look'd a conſiderable time upon it, he turned about, and look'd upon the *Noblemen* and *Lieutenant-Generals*, and ſaid, *I* "*don't know what to ſay to you, here is* Major-General Morgan *has* "*put me out of my Wits, for he would have me attempt yonder Counter-* "*ſcarp upon an Aſſault.* None of the *Noblemen* or *Lieutenants* made any Reply to him, but *Count Schomberg*, ſaying, "*My Lord,* "*I think* Major-General Morgan *would offer nothing to your Lord-* "*ſhip but what he thinks feaſible, and he knows he has good fighting* "*Men.* Upon this *Mareſchal Turenne* ask'd *Major-General Morgan*, how many *Engliſh* he would venture. *The Major-General* ſaid, that he would venture ſix Hundred common Men, beſides Officers, and fifty Pioneers. *Mareſchal Turenne* ſaid, that ſix Hundred of *Mounſieur la Farty*'s Army and fifty Pioneers, and ſix Hundred of his own Army and fifty Pioneers more, would make better then two Thouſand Men: *Major-General Morgan* reply'd,

"*They*

" *They were abundance to carry it with God's Aſſiſtance.* Then his *Excellence* ſaid, he would acquaint the King and his *Eminence*, that Major-General *Morgan* had put him upon that deſperate Deſign; Major-General *Morgan* deſired his Pardon, for it was in his Power to attempt it, or not to attempt it: But in the cloſe, Mareſchal *Turenne* ſaid to the Major-General, that he muſt fall into *Monſieur la Ferte*'s Approaches, and that he ſhould take the one half of *Monſieur la Ferte*'s Men, and that he would take the other half into his own Approaches. Major-General *Morgan* begg'd his Pardon, and ſaid he deſired to fall on with the *Engliſh* entire by themſelves, without intermingling them. Mareſchal *Turenne* reply'd, he muſt fall on, cut of one of the Approaches: The Major-General reply'd, that he would fall on in the Plain between both Approaches. His *Excellency* ſaid, that he would never be able to endure their Firing, but that they would kill half his Men before he could come to the Counterſcarp; the Major-General ſaid, that he had an Invention that the Enemy ſhould not percieve him, till he had his Hands upon the Stockadoes. Next his *Excellency* ſaid, for the Signal, there ſhall be a Captain of *Monſieur la Ferte*'s with twenty Firelocks, ſhall leap upon the Point, and cry, " *Sa ſa vive le Roy de France*; and upon that noiſe, all were to fall on together. But Major-General *Morgan* oppos'd that Signal, ſaying, the Enemy would thereby be allarm'd, and then he ſhould hardly endure their Firing. His *Excellency* reply'd then, that he would give no Signal at all, but the Major-General ſhould give it, and he would not be perſuaded otherwiſe. Then the Major-General deſired his *Excellency*, that he would give order to them in the Approaches, to keep themſelves in readineſs againſt Sunſet, for at the ſhutting of the Night he would fall on: he likewiſe deſired his *Excellency* that he would Order a Major out of his own Approaches, and another out of Monſ. *la Ferte*'s Approaches to ſtand by him, and when he ſhould be ready to fall on, he would diſpatch the two Majors into each of the Approaches, that they might be ready to leap out, when the Major-General paſſed between the two Approaches, with the commanded *Engliſh*. Juſt at Sunſet Mareſchal *Turenne* come himſelf, and told the Major-General, he might fall on when he ſaw his own time. The Major-General reply'd, he would fall on juſt at the ſetting of the Night, and when the duſk of the Evening came on. The Major-General made the *Engliſh* ſtand to their

Arms, and divided them into Bodies; a Captain at the Head of the Pioneers, and the Major-General and a Collonel, at the Head of the two Battallions; he ordered the two Battallions, and the Pioneers, each Man to take up a long Faſcine upon their Muſquets and Pikes, and then they were three ſmall Groves of Wood. Immediately the Major-General commanded the two Majors to go to their Approaches, and that they ſhould leap out, ſo ſoon as they ſhould ſee the Major-General march between their Approaches. The Major-General did order the two Battallions, that when they came within threeſcore of the Stockadoes, to ſlip their Faſcines, and fall on. But ſo it happened, that the *French* never moved out of their Approaches, till ſuch time as M. G. *Morgan* had overpowered the Enemy. When the Pioneers came within ſight of the Stockadoes, they ſlipp'd the Faſcines down and fell on; the Major-General, and the other two Battallions were cloſe to them, and when the Soldiers began to lay their Hands on the Stockadoes, they tore them down for the length of ſixſcore, and leap'd Pell-mell into the Counterſcarp amongſt the Enemy; abundance of the Enemy were drown'd in the Moat, and many taken Priſoners, with two *German Princes*, and the Counterſcarp clear'd; the *French* were in their Approaches all this time: then the *Engliſh* fell on upon the half-Moons, and immediately the Redcoats were on the top of them, throwing the Enemy into the Moat, and turning the Cannon upon the Town, thus the two half-Moons were ſpeedily taken: after the Manning of the half-Moons he did rally all the *Engliſh*, with intention to lodge them upon the Counterſcarp, that he might be free of the Enemies Shot the next Morning; and they left the other half-Moon for Mareſchal *Turenne*'s Party, which was even before their Approaches.

The Storming of *Ipre*.

The Counterſcarp taken by the *Engliſh*.

Then the *French* fell on upon the other half-Moon, but were beaten off. The Major-General conſidered, that that half-Moon would gall him in the day-time, and therefore did ſpeak to the Officers and Soldiers, that it was beſt to give them a little help; the Redcoats cry'd, *Shall we fall on in Order, or Happy-go-lucky?* The Major-General ſaid, *In the Name of God, at it Happy-go-lucky*; and immediately the Redcoats fell on, and were on the top of it, knocking the Enemy down, and caſting them into the Moat. When this Work was done, the *Major-General* lodg'd the *Engliſh* on the Counterſcarp; they were no ſooner lodg'd, but *Mareſchal Turenne* ſcrambled over the Ditches, to find out the *Major-General*,

The *French* repuls'd.

General, and when he met with him, he was much troubled the *French* did no better, for indeed they did just nothing: Then his Excellency ask'd the *Major-General*, to go to his Approaches to Refresh himself, but the *Major-General* begg'd his Pardon, and said, *he would not stir from his Post, till he heard a Drum beat a Parley, and saw a white Flag over the Walls.* Upon that *Mareschal Turenne* laught and smil'd, and said, *they would not be at that pass in six Days*, and then went to his Approaches, and sent the *Major-General* three or four dozen bottles of rare Wine, with several dishes of cold Meats, and Sweet-meats. Within two hours after Sun-rising, a Drum beat a Parley, and a white Flag was seen over the Walls. The *Major-General* ordered a Lieutenant with a file of Musquetiers, to go and receive the Drummer, and to Blindfold him, and carry him streight to *Mareschal Turenne* in his Approaches. *Mareschal Turenne* came immediately with the Drummer's Message to the *Major-Teneral*, and was much troubled he would not receive the Message before it came to him. The *Major-General* reply'd, that that was very improper, his Excellency being upon the place. The Message was to this effect, "*That* "*whereas his Excellency had offered them honourable Terms in his Sum-* "*mons, they were now willing to accept of them, provided they might* "*have their Charter, and the Priviledges of the City preserved: That* "*they had appointed four of their Commissioners, to treat farther with* "*four Commissioners from his Excellency.* Mareschal *Turenne* was pleas'd to ask the *Major-General*, whether he would be one of the Commissioners, but the *Major-General* begg'd his Pardon, and desired that he might abide at his Post, till such time as the City was Surrendered up. Immediately then his Excellency sent for *Count Schomberg*, and three other Commissioners, and gave them Instructions how to treat with the four Commissioners from the Enemy. Just as Mareschal *Turenne* was giving the Commissioners Instructions, Major-General *Morgan* said, *that the Enemy were Hungry, so that they would eat any Meat they could have*; whereupon his Excellency smil'd, and shortn'd their Instructions, and sent them away. Within half an hour, the Commissioners had concluded, *that they Should have their City Charter preserv'd, and that they were to receive a* French *Garrison in, and the Prince* de Ligny *was to march out with all his Forces next Morning at nine of the Clock, with one Piece of Cannon, Colours Flying, Bullet in Mouth, and Match Lighted at both ends, and to have a Convoy to Conduct him into his own* Ter-

The Town beat a Parley.

The Conditions.

Territories. Mareſchal *Turenne* was in the Morning betimes with ſeveral Noblemen and Officers of the Army, and Major-General *Morgan* attending near the Gate, for the Prince *de Ligny*'s coming out. The Prince having Notice that Mareſchal *Turenne* was there, came out of his Coach. Mareſchal *Turenne* being alighted off from his Horſe, and Major-General *Morgan*, at both their meeting there was a great Acclamation, and Embracing one another. After a little time, Mareſchal *Turenne* told the Prince, he very much admired that he would expoſe his Perſon to a Garriſon before a Conquering Army: The Prince *de Ligny* reply'd, *that if Mareſchal* Turenne *had left his* Engliſh *in* England, *he durſt have expos'd his Perſon into the weakeſt Garriſon, the King of* Spain *had in* Flanders; and ſo they parted, and his Excellency march'd into the Town with a *French* Garriſon, and the Major-General with him. So ſoon as the Garriſon was ſettled, Mareſchal *Turenne* writ his Letters to the *French* King, and his Eminence the Cardinal, how that the City of *Ipres* was reduc'd to the Obedience of his Majeſty, and that he was poſſeſs'd of it, and that Major-General *Morgan* was Inſtrumental in that Service, and that the *Engliſh did wonders*, and ſent the Intendant of the Army with his Letters to the King and Cardinal. Monſieur *Tallon* the Intendant return'd back from the King and Cardinal to the Army within eight Days, and brought a Complement to Major-General *Morgan*, that the King and his Eminence the Cardinal did expect to ſee him at *Paris*, when he came to his Winter-Quarters, where there would be a Cupboard of Plate to attend him. Major-General *Morgan*, inſtead of going for his Cupboard of Plate, went for *England*, and his Majeſty of *France* had never the Kindneſs to ſend him his Cupboard of Plate: So that this is the Reward that Major-General *Morgan* hath had from the *French* King for all his Service in *France* and *Flanders*.

The Town delivered.

Kill'd at the Battle of Dunkirk,

Lieutenant-Collonel *Fenwick*, two Captains, one Lieutenant, two Enſigns, two Sergeants, thirty two Soldiers; and about twenty wounded.

Kill'd at the Storming of Ipres,

One Captain, one Sergeant, eight private Soldiers, about twenty five Officers, of thirty five; and about ſix Soldiers ſlightly wounded, after they were lodg'd upon the Counterſcarp. Sir *Thomas Morgan* himſelf ſlightly hurt, by a Shot in the calf of his Leg.

The END.